

Breathe Slowly

by visionary wonder

Category: Naruto

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Ino Y., Naruto U., Sakura H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 07:03:59

Updated: 2016-04-14 07:03:59

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:15:51

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,687

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: AU. NaruIno "How are you supposed to save me when I can't even save myself?"

Breathe Slowly

"Ms. Ino Yamanaka!"

Voices.

"Over here, Ino!"

Flashes.

"What were you doing leaving the club at two in the morning?"

Paparazzi.

"Is it true you and Naruto Uzumaki are sleeping together now, Ino?"

This was her life.

"Let's go, Ino," Deidara, her bodyguard, said, grabbing her elbow, and escorting her through the mob of reporters and paparazzi.

"C'mon, Ino! You know you want to give us the details!"

"Are you suggesting the pictures are lies, Ms. Yamanaka?"

"Just one word, Ino, one word, please!"

Once the two reached inside of the SUV, Ino couldn't contain her anger anymore.

"Deidara!" She exclaimed, thrusting her phone into his face. "Do you see this shit?! It's __everywhere__!" _

"Yes," Deidara said, pinching his nose. He could still hear the crowd outside of the car as their driver slowly tried to drive through them. "There's nothing _I_ can do it about. You will have to call Karin. She's damage control."

Ino could only sighed, resting her golden blonde head against the car window. She was supposed to relax today. It was so beautiful and sunny outside, she had wanted to gather her thoughts before she returned back to work. Now, she was so exhausted mentally and physically, she couldn't think straight. All she wanted was some peace and quiet. She didn't even know how they found her here! She had taken a plane Friday night from the city to a small, quiet town outside of the country. She knew this story was going to air sooner rather than later so she left when she could. Thankfully, she had friends in different places who could warn her about stories like this.

This headline was going to ruin her reputation. Ino had worked so hard these last few years to build her image and brand. She would rather die than have Konoha's most notorious playboy ruin her name. She worked so hard to make sure_ herself_ didn't ruin her own image. She'd be _damned_ if someone else did.

"This is just so stupid," Ino muttered, throwing her coach purse across the car. "That's not even what happened!"

"Looked pretty convincing to me," Deidara smirked, teasing her. They were finally making progress on the road. The mob of people disappearing completely in view.

"Shut up, you!" Ino punched him in the arm. She frowned, looking down at the article on her screen.

'_Ino Yamanaka and Naruto Uzumaki CAUGHT In The Club' _

The picture were of the two them against the wall at one of Konoha's notorious A-list clubs. From the outside looking in, the picture looked awful. Ino was pressed up against the wall in heels and a tight black dress. Ino's right leg was hiked up on Naruto's hip, his hand on her thigh, kissing her neck.

In reality, Ino was trying to make her way to the bathroom when Naruto cornered herâ€"drunkâ€"grabbing her leg, flirting, and whisperingâ€"not kissingâ€"into her ear how he was the man for her and he would show her how a real man should treat a women. He had grabbed her leg for two seconds before she had kneed him in the balls for touching her without her consent. Of course, no one snapped a picture of that. And who was in the club anyway that would release pictures to the paparazzi?! The club they were attending was completely exclusive and top security. It had to be some desperate ass A-list going through a divorce who needed the petty money.

Ino knew how much a picture of herself was worth to the media. Considering Naruto was more well-known and had more years in the business than her, she could only imagine what he was worth. A picture of the two of them together with a scandalous headline and

setting? Yeah, they were going to be the trending topic on every website, radio, and social media for the next few weeks until something as scandalous as the two of them comes along.

"Bitch all you want," Deidara said, stretching his long legs, "None of this would have happened if you hadn't ran off from me that night. I could have prevented Uzumaki real quick." Usually when Ino decided to be a brat and run off, Deidara was right behind her, but a crowded blacked out club was no help.

Ino huffed, crossing her arms, leaning back against her seat. They were on the interstate now, on the way to the airport, soft rock music playing. "I can take care of myself, thanks, and I _did." _

"I know," Deidara said cheekily, "But you wouldn't have such a scandal on your hands had you just listen to me." He mockingly shook her finger at her. She kicked him.

"I have a shoot first thing tomorrow morning," Ino said, picking up her purse, panicking slightly, her train of thought gone. All logic gone at this point. "Where is it? What the fuckâ€"did I _leave_ it?!"

"No," Deidara rolled his eyes, not pleased, reaching into his pocket. "I got it, remember? You told me to hold on to it."

"No need to be rude," Ino said, snatching the little bag of white power out of his hand. Her heart was racing, hands shaking in anticipation. She had been up since six o'clock this morning avoiding the outside and she had no time to get in her daily morning fix. "I'm definitely going to need more by tonight," Ino frowned, flicking the bag.

"Where are you about to do that?" Deidara asked, shaking his head. He disapproved, yes, but he was not Ino's father. His only job was to protect Ino from harm. What she did in her free time was up to her. If she wanted to ruin her lifeâ€" there was absolutely nothing Deidara could do about that. He received a paycheck to prevent Ino from bodily harm and harassment, not to be Ino's babysitter.

"You're an amateur," Ino said, pouring the powder slowly onto her house key she had in her hand. She closed her left nostril and then snorted.

The hit was instant. Her heart thumping, thoughts racing, she wanted another.

"Hurry up and finish. We're about to be at the airport."

"Exactly," Ino rolled her blue eyes, snorting another bump off her the tip of her key, "Why I'm getting geeked. Do you know what's going to be waiting for us when we land?"

Ino's pupils were shot, her voice higher, hands shaking more. Deidara rolled his eyes and ignored her the rest of the way.

* * *

><p>Later on that nightâ€"early Monday morningâ€"Ino was up once again, restless and exhausted. So tired her bones ached and thoughts

too consumed to sleep. Or maybe it was the drugs. She couldn't distinguish the two anymore.<p>

As she paced her condo's hardwood floors, she couldn't help but count the hours of sleep she was missing. She knew her photo shoot was early in the morning and she would have to be up at the crack of dawn. It didn't help that she choose not to sleep on the plane earlierâ€"more or less, her mind was racing too fast to let her sleep. Ino opened the sliding glass door to her patio, sitting down, and lighting a cigarette. The scenery was breathtaking.

Once her and Deidara had arrived back to the city, the crowd of fans and reporters waiting for them outside of the airport was ridiculous. Even more so than earlier. Apparently, Naruto had already released a press statement via social video earlier on his page. Ino couldn't help but roll her eyes. Of course, his manager and PR put him up to that. Luckily for Ino, they weren't out to make her to be the bad guy. Naruto had explained it was a genuine mistake and 'everyone knows how the media can photoshop and twist things around'. It was bullshit. Naruto, Ino, and their peers knew it. None of that matter though, the public was always going to see a completely different story and believe the side portrayed to them. However, good or bad, the story was now out there and everyone was going to start spinning side stories of Naruto and herself.

She hated it. Ino came from a middle-class family. Her father had passed away when she was young. Her mother had became a single mother running a floral business and household all by herself. Money was always tight and Ino's older sister ended up running away once or twice. Things were always stressful. Nothing could ever be said without yelling or fighting. So when Ino received the opportunity to model, she ran for the city and never looked back. That was three years ago. She was so young and naive and hopeful. Modeling was her dream. Money was her dream. She was living her _dream. _And she worked so hardâ€"countless of hours in the gym, on the plane, thirteen hour shoots in the cold, she _loved _it. And that was why Ino avoided scandals like this. She was a perfectionist in every way. Since she's been in the public eye, not once has she been seen with a boyfriend or "hookup" she didn't want her image to be about a man or relationship. She wanted it to be about _her _and her hard work and success.

And as she reached into her purse once more for her white powder, she tried to convince herselfâ€"yes, this was for work too. She _needed _it, Ino told herself. To stay awake, to stay skinny, to stay _alive.

—

Ino was more fucked up than she was willing to admit.

* * *

><p>disclaimer: no, i do not own naruto.

notes: so, this is different! i hope you guys like the first chapter. this story is going to be dark and twisty and i'm just completely in love with it already. please review and let me know your thoughts!

End

file.